

days each week. I regret to say that the high price of food of late has cramped the resources of the "Philanthropic Society," so that it has been obliged to appeal to the public for aid. I trust it will not appeal in vain. It is an example of the advantage of Association whose benefits no one will dispute.

I never met a more friendly and social people than the inmates of Clichy. Before I had been up two hours this morning, though most of them speak only French and I but English, the outlines of my case were generally known, my character and standing canvassed and dilated on, and I had a dozen fast friends in another hour; had I been able to speak French, they would have been a hundred. Of course, we are not all saints here, and make no pretensions to be; some of us are incorrigible spendthrifts—desperately fast men, hurried to ruin by association with still faster women—probably some unlucky rogues among us and very likely a fool or two; though as a class I am sure my associates will compare favorably in intelligence and intellect with so many of the next men you meet on the Boulevards or in Broadway. Several of them are men of decided ability and energy—the temporary victims of other men's rascality or their own over sanguine enterprise—sometimes of shipwreck, fire or other unavoidable misfortune. A more hearty and kindly set of men I never met in my life than those who can speak English; I have acquired important help from three or four of them in copying and translating papers; and never was I more zealously nor effectively aided than by these acquaintances of to-day, to not one of whom would I dare to offer money for the service. Where could I match this out of Clichy?

Let me be entirely candid. I say nothing of "Liberty," save to caution outsiders in France to be equally modest, but "Equality and Fraternity" I have found prevailing here more thoroughly than elsewhere in Europe. Still, we have not realized the Social Millennium, even in Clichy. Some of us were born to gain our living by the hardest and most meagerly rewarded labor; others to live idly and sumptuously on the earnings of others. Of course, these vices of an irrational and decaying social state are not instantly eradicated by our abrupt removal to this mansion. Some of us cook, while others only know how to eat, and so require assistance in the preparation of our food, as none is cooked or even provided for us, and our intercourse with the outer world is subject to limitations. Those of us who lived generously aforesaid, and are in for gentlemanly sums, are very apt to have money which the lackless chaps who are in for a beggarly hundred francs or so and have no fixed income beyond the franc per day are very glad to earn by doing us acts of kindness. One of these attached himself to me immediately on my taking possession of my apartment, and proceeded to make my bed, bring me basin and pitcher of water, matches, lights, &c., for which I expect to pay him—these articles being reckoned superfluities in Clichy. But no such aristocratic distinction as master, no such degrading appellation as servant, is tolerated in this community; this philanthropic fellow-boarder is known to all as my "auxiliary." Where has the stupid world outside known how to drupe the hard realities of life with figleaf so graceful as this?

So of all titular distinctions. We pretend to have abjured titles of honor in America, and the only consequence is that everybody has a title—either Honorable, or General, or Colonel, or Reverend, or at the very least Esquire. But here in Clichy all such empty and absurd prefixes are absolutely unknown—even names, Christian or family, are discarded as useless, antiquated lumber. Every lodger is known by the number of his room only; mine is 139, and whenever a friend calls, a "Commissionaire" comes in from the outer apartments to the great hall sacred to our common use, and begins calling out "cent-trente-neuf," (phonetically "sent-tran-nuf") at the top of his voice, and goes on yelling as he climbs, in the hope of finding or calling me short of ascending to my fifth-story sanctuary. To nine-tenths of my countrymen I am only known as "san-tran-nuf." My auxiliary is No. 54, and when I need his aid I go singing "san-tran-nuf" after the same fashion. Equality being thus rigidly preserved, in spite of slight diversities of fortune, the jealousies, rivalries and heart-burnings which keep most of mankind in a ferment are here absolutely unknown. I never before talked so much with so many people intimately acquainted with each other without hearing something said or insinuated to one another's prejudice; here there is nothing of the sort. Some folks outside are here fitted with characters which they would hardly consider flattering—some laws and usages get the blessings they richly deserve—but among ourselves all is harmony and good will. How would Maurice's, the Hotel de Ville, or even the Tuilleries, like to compare notes with us on this head?

Our social intercourse with outsiders is under most enlightened regulations. A person calls who wishes to see one of us, and is thereupon admitted through two or three doors, but not without several locks of us. Here he gives his card and pays two sous to a Commissionaire to take it to No. —, of whom the interview is solicited. No — being found, takes the card, scrutinizes it, and if he choose to see the expected visitor, writes a request for his admission. This is taken to a functionary, who grants the request, and the visitor is then brought into a sort of neutral reception-room, outside of the prison proper, but a good way inside of the hall wherein the visitor has hitherto tarried. But let the lodger say No, and the visitor must instantly walk out with a very tall fies in his ear. So perfect an arrangement for keeping duns, bore, (writ-ers even,) and all such enemies of human happiness at a distance is found scarcely anywhere else—at all events not in Editors' rooms—I am sure of that. But yesterday an old resident here, who ought to have been up to trap, was told that a man wished to see him a moment at the nearest gate, and, being completely off his guard, he went immediately down, without observing or requiring the proper formalities, and was instantly served with a fresh writ. "Sir," said he, with proper indignation, to the sneak of an officer, (who had doubtless made his way in here by favor or bribery,) "If you ever serve me that trick again, you will go out of here half-killed." However, he had stood upon his reserved rights, and bade the outsider send up his card like a gentleman, if he aspired to a gentleman's society.

And this brings me to the visiting-room, where I have seen very many friends during the day, including two United States Ministers, beside almost every one belonging to our Legation here, three bankers and nearly all the American I know in Paris, but not one French lawyer of the standing required, for it seems impossible to find one in Paris to-day. This room can hardly be called a parlor, all things considered; but it has been crowded all day (10 to 6) with wives and female friends visiting one or other of us insiders—perhaps it may be most accurately characterized as the kissing-room. I should like to speak of the phases of life here from hour to hour presented—of the demonstrations of fervent affection, the anxious consolations, the confidential whisperings and the universal desire of each hasty *tête-à-tête* to respect the sacredness of others' confidence, so that fifteen or twenty couples converse here by the hour within a space thirty feet by twenty, yet no one knows because no one wishes to know what any other couple are saying. But I must hurry over all this or my letter will never have an end.

Formerly, Clichy was in bad repute on account of the facility wherewith all manner of females called upon and mingled with the male lodgers in the inner sanctum. All this, however, has been corrected, and no woman is now admitted beyond the public kissing-room except on an express order from the Prefecture of Police, which is only granted to the well-authenticated wife or child of an inmate. (The female prison is an entirely separate wing of the building.) The enforcement of this rule is most rigid, and while I am not inclined to be vain-glorious, and do not doubt that other large domiciles in Paris are models of propriety and virtue, yet this I do say, that the domestic morals of Clichy may safely challenge a comparison with those of Paris generally. I might put the case more strongly, but it is best to keep within the truth.

So with regard to Liquor. They keep saying there is no Prohibitory Law in France; but they mistake, if Clichy is in France. No Ardent Spirits are brought into this well-regulated establishment, unless for medical use, except in express violation of law; and the search and seizure clauses here are a great deal more rigorous and better enforced than in Maine. I know a little is smuggled in notwithstanding, mainly by officials, for money goes a great way in France; but no woman comes in without being felt all over (by a woman) for concealed bottles of liquor. There was a small flask on our (private) dinner-table to-day of what was called brandy, and smelt like a compound of spirits of turpentine and diluted aqua fortis (for adulteration is a vice which prevails even here); but not a glass is now smuggled in where a gallon used to come in boldly under the protection of law. Wine, being here esteemed a necessary, is allowed in moderation; no inmate to have more than one bottle per day either of ten-sous or twenty-sous wine, according to his taste or means—no better and no more. I don't defend the consistency of these regulations; we do some things better in America than even in Clichy; but here drunkenness is absolutely prevented and riotous living suppressed by a sumptuary law far more stringent than any of our States ever tried. And, mind you, this is no criminal prison, but simply a house of detention for those who happen to have less money than others would like to extract from their pockets, many of whom do not pay simply because they do not owe. So, if any one tells you again that Liquor Prohibition is a Yankee novelty just ask him what he knows of Clichy.

I know that cookery is a point of honor with the French, and rightly, for they approach it with the inspiration of genius. Sad am to say that I find no proof of this eminence in Clichy, and am forced to the conclusion that to be in debt and unable to pay does not qualify even a Frenchman in the culinary art. My auxiliary doubtless does his best, but his resources are limited, and fifty fellows dancing round one range with only a few pots and kettles among them, probably confuses him. Even our dinner to-day (four of us—two Yankees, an English merchant and an Italian banker—dined *en famille* in No. 98,) on what we ordered from an out-door restaurant (such are the prejudices of education and habit) and paid fifty sous each for, but it did not seem to be the thing. The gathering of knives, forks, spoons, bottles, &c. from Nos. 82, 63 and 139, to set the common table, was the freshest feature of the spread.

The sitting was nevertheless a pleasant one, and an Englishman joined us after the cloth was (figuratively) removed, who was much the cleverest man of the party. This man's case is so instructive that I must make room for it. He has been everywhere and knows everything, but is especially strong in Chemistry and Metallurgy. A few weeks ago, he was a coke-burner at Rouen, doing an immense and profitable business, till a heavy debtor failed, which frightened his partner into running off with all the cash of the concern, and my friend was compelled to stop payment. He called together the creditors, eighty in number, (their banker alone was in for 45,000 francs,) and said, "Here is 'my case; appoint your own receiver, conduct the business wisely, and all will be paid." Every man at once assented, and the concern was at once put in train of liquidation. But a discharged employé of the concern, at this moment owing 15,000 francs now in judgment, said, "Here is my chance for revenge;" so he had my friend arrested and put here as a foreign debtor, though he has been for years in most extensive business in France, and was, up to the date of his bankruptcy, paying the Government 1,500 francs for annual license for the privilege of employing several hundred Frenchmen in transforming valueless peat into coke. He will get out by-and-by, and may prosecute his persecutor, but the latter is utterly irresponsible; and meantime a most extensive business is being wound up at Rouen by a receiver, with the only man qualified to oversee and direct the affair in close jail at Paris. This is but one case among many such. I always hated and condemned imprisonment for debt until by fraud—above all, for suspicion of debt—but I never so well knew why I hated it as now.

There are other cases and classes very different from this—gay lads, who are working out debts which they never would have paid otherwise; for here in Clichy every man actually adjudged guilty of indebtedness is sentenced to stay a certain term in the discretion of the Court—never more than ten years. The creditors of some would like to coax them out to-morrow, but they are not so soft as to go until

the debt is worked out—so far, that is, that they can never again be imprisoned for it. The first question asked of a new comer is, "Have you ever been here before?" and if he answers "Yes," the books are consulted; and if this debt was charged against him then he is remorselessly turned into the street. No price would procure such a man a night's lodging in Clichy. Some are here who say their lives were so tormented by duns and writs that they had a friendly creditor put them here for safety from annoyance. And some of our humbler brethren, I am assured, having been once here and earned four or five francs a day as auxiliaries, with cheap lodgings and a chance to forge off the plates of those they serve, actually get themselves put in because they can do so well nowhere else. A few days since, an auxiliary, who had aided and trusted a hard-up Englishman forty-eight francs on honor, (all debts contracted here are debts of honor purely, and therefore are always paid,) received a present of five hundred francs from the grateful obligee when, a few days after, he received ample funds from his distant resources, paid everything, and went out with flying colors.

—To return to my own matter: I have been all day convincing one party of friends after another, as they called, that I do not yet need their generously proffered money or names—that I will put up no security and take no step whatever, until I can consult a good French lawyer, see where I stand, and get a Judicial hearing if possible. I know the Judge did not mean nor expect that I should be sent here, when I left his presence last evening; I want to be brought before him forthwith on a plea of urgency, which cannot so well be made if I am at liberty. If he says that I am properly held in duresse, then bailing out will do little good; for forty others all about me either have or think they have claims against the Crystal Palace for the damage or non-return of articles exhibited; if I am personally liable to these all France becomes a prison to me. When I have proper legal advice I shall know what to do; until then it is safest to do nothing. Even at the worst, I hate to have any one put up 12,000 francs for me, as several are willing to do, until I am sure there is no alternative. I have seen so much mischief from going security that I dread to ask it when I can possibly do without. "Help one another" is a good rule, but abominably abused. A man in trouble is too apt to fly at once to his friends; hence half a dozen get in where there need have been but one. There is no greater device for multiplying misery than misused sympathy. Better first see if you cannot shoulder your own pack.

OUT OF CLICHY, Monday Eve., June 4, 1855. Things have worked to-day very much as I had hoped and calculated. Friends had been active in quest of such lawyers as I needed, and two of the right sort were with me at a seasonable hour this morning. At 3 o'clock they had a hearing before the Judge, and we were all ready for it, thanks to friends inside of the gratings as well as out. Judge Platt's official certificate as to the laws of our State governing the liability of corporators has been of vital service to me; and when my lawyers asked, "Where is your evidence that the effects of the New-York Association are now in the hands of a receiver?" I answered, "The gentleman who was talking with me in the visitor's room when you came in and took me away knows that perfectly; perhaps he is still there." I was at once sent for him, and found him there. Thus all things conspired for good; and at 4 o'clock my lawyers and friends came to Clichy to bid me walk out, without troubling my friends for any security or deposit whatever. So I guess my last chance of ever learning French is gone by the board.

Possibly I have given too much prominence to the brighter side of life in Clichy, for that seemed most to need a discoverer; let me put a little shading into the picture at the finish. There is a fair barber's-shop in one cell in Clichy which was yesterday in full operation; so, expecting to be called personally before the Judge and knowing that I must meet many friends, I walked down stairs to be shaved, and was taken rather aback by the information that the barber had been set at liberty last evening, and there was not a man left in this whole concern of practical ability to take his place. So, there are imperfections in the Social machinery even in Clichy. Fourier was right; it will take 1,728 persons (the cube of 12) to form a perfect Social Phalanx; hence all attempts to do it with two hundred or less fail and must fail. We had about 144 in Clichy this morning—men of more than average capacity; still there are hitches, as we have seen. I think I have learned more there than in any two previous days of my life; I never was busier; and yet I should feel that all over a week spent there would be a waste of time.

Let me close by stating that arrangements were made at once for the liberation of the only American I found or left there: the first, I believe, who had been seen inside of the middle grating for months. For this he will be mainly indebted to the generosity of Messrs. Greene & Co., bankers, but others are willing to cooperate. I fear he might have staid some time had not my position brought him into contact with men whom his pride would not permit him to apply to, yet who will not let him stay there. I am well assured that he comes out to-night.

STATE OF EUROPE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

LONDON, Tuesday, June 5, 1855.

The Austrian Government is very angry that its best propositions have been unceremoniously rejected by the Allies, and that the late successes of the Crimean army have diminished the importance formerly attached to the Austrian alliance by the Anglo-French statesmen. Counted and cajoled for eighteen months, Austria really believed that her cooperation was indispensable to the West, and she became so proud of her mediatory position and of her 600,000 men in arms, that she really thought herself the arbiter of Europe. Her vanity being severely wounded by the recent turn of affairs, she now threatens to remain altogether neutral, much to the delight of the Court of Prussia, which arrived at the same point without expending its treasure in useless armaments. The Western Powers on the other hand believe now that they can get the cooperation of Austria as soon as they show themselves able to do without her. Negotiations are carried on directly and indirectly to enlist Spain, Belgium, Sweden and Den-

mark in the alliance against Russia, but the King of Sweden does not trust the English and in fear of Russian revenge decidedly declines to join the West. Denmark is to be got by bullying her, and I should not be astonished if in a very short time I should have to report difficulties between London and Copenhagen. In Belgium the King would be ready to imitate the example of Sardinia, but the Chambers are anxious to maintain the strictest neutrality, which alone can save the little kingdom from absorption. To take part in a war not affecting the immediate interests of the country would be a dangerous precedent, and might force Belgium into the vassalage of France in any of her future wars. As to Spain, the financial difficulties, the intrigues of the Court, and the threatening Carlist outbreak, paralyze the country for external action.

The state of Germany cannot be better portrayed than by the fact that in compliance with the injunction of the German Diet at Frankfurt, the Senate of the "free city" of Hamburg proposes the following general explanation of the liberty of the Press guaranteed in the treaties of Vienna:

"Criticism of the conduct of any member of the State for his official acts; discussing the existing state of things and the expediency of a reform in any department of the public service; attacking arrangements made by the authorities, and the publication of untrue statements, or the practical revelation of facts which may tend to throw an unpleasant light on public men—to be fined by 1,000 marks Banco, and punished by six months imprisonment."

The vendor of any newspaper not published in Hamburg, who advertises publicly that the paper in question is to be had regularly through his agency, becomes answerable for the contents of such paper."

Poor Germany! The naval expedition in the Sea of Azoff is carried on with great energy and success. Arabat, Berdiansk and Genitchi have been visited by the Anglo-French steamers; above two hundred merchantmen employed by the Russians for the conveyance of commissariat stores have been destroyed. The Russians set fire to their magazines lest they should be captured by the Allies, and six millions of rations of corn and flour are said to have been annihilated in this way. The Russian army in the Crimea will soon feel great inconveniences from the enterprise of Sir Edward Lyons. Taganrog and Azoff may soon be visited by the bold Admiral, who is carrying on the war in full earnest.

The dispatches of Gen. Gorchakoff about the affair of the 23d of May were entirely at variance with those of Gen. Pelissier. He reports a repulse of the French, while the Frenchman claims complete victory. The Russian party at Brussels and Vienna are taken by surprise by the sudden revival of energy in the camp of the Allies, and England and France are elated, as if their final success were already fully insured. They do not calculate upon the counter-moves of Russia, whose diplomatists are busy in Germany deluging the Courts of the thirty tyrants with memorials about the failure of the Vienna Conference, and with promises of great rewards to those princes who continue in their vassalage to the Czar and act under his inspiration.

Lord Palmerston declared in yesterday's debate that the Conference of Vienna had been finally closed. The discussion was animated, and the tone of the Ministers far more warlike than it was a fortnight ago. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton displayed a considerable amount of eloquence. To-day Cobden is expected to speak at some length, and probably Lord Palmerston likewise. The Polish humbug seems to have been abandoned by the Ministers, who were never in earnest about this question, and Monckton Milnes, Lord Palmerston's mouthpiece and late advocate of the reconstruction of Poland, proved most anxious to throw cold water on the sympathies for Poland. Still the Allies will be forced to enter into a Polish campaign if the war continues for one or two years longer. The Russians are said to be preparing in earnest for ten years' war.

Sir Moses Montefiore lately passed through Vienna on his way to Palestine; he goes to the Holy Land to buy a large district in the country, to settle upon it the Jewish paupers of Jerusalem, and eventually all those Jews who feel inclined to return to the country of their ancestors.

A Court revolution in Ava has upset the present peaceable Emperor of Burmah, and his warlike heir is meditating a campaign against the English, which can only result in the utter destruction of the Empire and its absorption by the Honorable East India Company. Annexation on the largest scale is evidently in preparation; it is the manifest destiny of the English to conquer both the Indian peninsula.

The Bey of Tunis is dead; his nephew succeeds him, and will get his investiture from the Porte without any difficulty. He maintains the same friendly feelings to the French as his deceased uncle.

The Convent bill in Sardinia has received the Royal sanction, but it has been materially altered and amended during the tedious discussion, and is in its present shape based upon a compromise; the revenues of the church property, administered by the State, are to be separately managed from all other income, and to be employed exclusively for ecclesiastical purposes.

Frequent arrests in Sicily, principally among lawyers and priests, evince the fears of King Bomba. It is said that a conspiracy has been detected in Messina and Syracuse.

Prince Napoleon, son of Jerome, opens his drawing rooms in the Palais Royal to the fashionable society of Paris every Saturday during the Exhibition. The apartments of the Prince are to be a neutral ground on which all notabilities may meet without regard to their political opinions. The Prince of Holstein Noer, pretender to the Duchies, and the Danish Embassadors, the widow of Count Bathian, Prince Czartoryski and the Austrian Embassador, Ex-Queen Christina and the Progressista Gen. Prim, Gen. Mierleski and the Prussian Embassador, were among the guests of the first entertainment, to which all the members of the Academy, Thiers and Guizot included, and all the great painters and sculptors of the French School were invited. The soiree had a cosmopolitan, strange character, and represented all the different shades of French politics which are not proscribed by the Emperor. Of course the party chiefs, and the most consistent Republicans, Legitimists, and Orleansists, whose prominent position in the annals of the last year imparted a greater sense of dignity to them, did not make their appearance at the Palais, though Prince Napoleon would

feel but too much delighted to shake hands with Thiers, Cavaignac, or the Dukes of the Faubourg St. Germain.

The Austrian Statesmen have invented a new term for designating the present position of Austria; it is to be an *active neutrality*, in order to distinguish it from the *passive neutrality* of Prussia. The difference of the two terms is sheer moonshine. Still it is sufficient for the metaphysical speculations of the German philosophical radicals, who in order to give vent to their rancor against Prussia, regard Austria with particular favor, especially since the occupation of Moldo-Wallachia. The material aggrandizement of a German power is a bait by which the Germans are easily caught. They dream always of the extension of Germany, and this is the reason why they never could sympathize with the reconstruction of Poland. Dantzie and Posen are German provinces for them, and they can never make up their minds to remember that illogotten property ought to be restored.

By far too much importance is attached to the reports of the revolt in the Ukraine. It is but a servile, not a patriotic war, and the accounts which we receive are evidently exaggerated.

In spite of the victory of Gen. Serrano against the Carlist bands in Spain, which was telegraphed last week, Espartero and his Government are greatly alarmed, and apprehensions of a serious and extensive Carlist rising in the North are rife among the politicians of the Paris Exchange. A rising in Italy is likewise expected. Radetzky complains that Lombardy is not sufficiently garrisoned by Austria, and the Pope was lately frightened by some local outbreak of Republican and Mazzinian feeling in the Romagna.

The Polish General Mikolowski, one of the chiefs of the Democratic party, has published a memorial addressed to the French and English Nations, which, of course, has scarcely been noticed by the English Press, though it contains some very remarkable views. He shows that Poland and its dependencies have added fifteen "Governments" to the empire of the Czar, comprising a population of 16,000,000, on an area of 11,292 geographical miles; that those fifteen "Governments" are the most populous, fertile and industrious of the fifty-five which constitute the Russian Empire; that four-sevenths of the Czar's active army are natives of the Polish provinces; that particularly the fifteen divisions of the Cavalry Reserve are altogether Polish; that two-thirds of the cavalry are attached to the six corps of infantry of the line, and four of these six corps are entirely recruited in the Polish provinces; that every Polish peasant becomes an excellent soldier after one year's drill, whilst it takes often ten to make a peasant of the Welsh soldier; that therefore, Poland alone gives the means to the Czar for defying the Allied Powers. According to the General it is only the antagonism between Poland and Muscovy which prevents the Czar from hoisting the flag of Pan-Slavism, and deluging the Western World. "The Slavonic race," says Mikolowski, "comprising above 80,000,000 of men spread over three-fourths of Europe and united by a similarity of language of customs and of hopes for the future, is profoundly agitated by the expectation of their Mohammed or of their Messiah. Russia offers them the conquest of the 'Old World' if they submit to her sway, united in obedience to the Czar, who is to be the Mohammed and Kaliph of the Slavonic world. Poland the renaissance of Russia, offers them liberty and a free development of their resources in a federation of distinct, peaceful and politically equal nationalities. She announces to them their 'Messiah,' freeing them from bondage and giving them an opportunity of taking the lead in the 'history of mankind.' It will be readily understood what an interest Russia has in destroying the Polish competition and in absorbing it in order to make use of its power against the nationalities of the West. While Russia and Poland are the representatives of the two diametrically opposed directions of the Slavonic race, that race consists as yet only of rudimentary, passive and malleable nationalities, taking part in the struggle with the irresponsible unconsciousness of an infantine age, ready to follow the stronger and more lucky. Should Russia prevail in the struggle, all the Slavonic nations, carried away by the conquering flood, combined in one terrific array under the most daring despotism that ever existed, will fall at once upon Germany and Turkey, overcoming the tardy resistance of the West by their servile and disciplined armies, and by the unity of their language and customs. Poland once assimilated to the Russian Empire, all the promises of liberty addressed by the West to the other Slavonic nations will remain unheeded in the tumultuous whirlpool of their aggressive outbreak; for, with the exception of Poland none of those tribes 'have a remembrance of independence or traditions of political liberty.' He proceeds to show that the German Powers, accomplices of the partition of Poland, never can dare to make war against Russia; but the only means of restricting the power of the Czar is to raise Russian Poland by a series of combined operations from Riga in the North and Odessa in the South, without the concurrence of the German Powers, which only by this means can be saved from remaining the vassals of the Czar; they must be cured as patients are cured by surgeon, without their concurrence, and in spite of their reluctance. At the same time Mikolowski declares that Poland, disgusted by cruel experience and paralyzed by her three united oppressors, will not respond by an insurrection to proclamations or diplomatic machinations of the West, (it will rise only when it sees its emigration, armed and organized under the national flag, approaching the frontiers of the country,) and that any war against Russia can end but in a trace preliminary to Russia's final triumph, not in a lasting peace, unless the Polish emigration be armed with the view of opening by its means the two gates of Poland in the Black Sea and on the Baltic. "Let the emigration be the vanguard of the Allies, and Poland will rise as soon as it sees that the West-ern Powers are in earnest to crush the Czar." Such are the conclusions of Gen. Mikolowski, who is in high favor with Prince Napoleon. By-the-by, the reputation of the Prince for military foresight has considerably risen since the events in the Crimea justified the assertions of his famous pamphlet. Emperor Napoleon interests himself likewise for the Poles; but he patronizes rather the pretensions of the clique of Prince Czartoryski. The Poles are on the whole—to our belief rather too soon—in high spirits.

TEXAS.—The San Antonio Zeitung of June 1 says that on Friday of the previous week, the Siderale Indians made their appearance on Degener's farm, in Siderale, but they were driven away by the vigilance of Mr. Degener and his dogs, without having done any damage. Thence they proceeded to Mr. Drosel's farm, where they stole four horses, of which one belonged to Dr. Stillman, a traveler, from New-York.

DEATH OF HENRY TWO-GUNS.—Henry Two-Guns (Ha-jon-gueh), head Chief of the Seneca nation of Indians, died at his residence on the Cattaraugus Reservation on the 17th inst., aged 75 years. Two-Guns was a step-son of the famous orator Red Jacket, and was born within the limits of the new City of Buffalo. He was engaged in the war of 1812, espousing the cause of his great father, the President, participated in the battles of Bridgeport and Chippewa, and for a long series of years exercised a controlling influence over his nation. He was distinguished for his commanding presence, probity of conduct, wise and moderate counsels, enlightened views of national policy, and an earnest advocacy of religion and of every enterprise which had for its object the amelioration and improvement of his people.

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MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Mr. Payne has resumed his direction of this establishment, and will give tonight for the last time with the La Grange Troupe, the Opera of Norma, in which Mad. La Grange exhibited so much talent and versatility.

On Monday next the Opera of Don Giovanni will be presented, with all the force of the Company.

The short season now at the Academy will be the last this operative year. The building has been leased to Mr. Julien from the 1st of August, who will present himself, his band of unrivaled Soloists, and a monster Orchestra, and hold nightly Concerts.

A NEW OPERA.—The London Times in an elaborate article notices a new Opera by an English composer, entitled *Berta*, or *The Gnome of Hartberg*. The plot is (of course) execrable trash, and is condemned by the critic, who goes on to say:

"It was not easy to do anything with such a jumble of unedifying absurdities; but Mr. Henry Smart has managed to make it the framework for some of the most beautiful and masterly writing that has been contributed to the stage by an English composer. From the overture to the end the evidence of consummate musicianship, united to rich invention, clever construction, and a continuous flow of melody, is present. All this could not be concealed by the scanty proportions of the orchestra and the utter inefficiency of the chorus, although the orchestral accompaniments are elaborate and varied with great felicity, while the choruses, besides being numerous, are of the highest importance to the general effect. It was anything but consoling to think that such music as Mr. Smart is capable of producing should have no chance whatever of being appreciated—since, with the best will on the part of the management, (and Mr. Beckstone has done everything in his power to secure success, and has obtained a large and devoted audience, the Haymarket, and a theatre for opera. It is unpropitious to search and afford no accommodation for a complete and effective band, supposing even that could be obtained on nights when another and larger establishment almost absorbs the best instrumental talent we possess. On a dramatic composer's part, indeed, in a work of this kind, it is not the desire to please, but a slight than ever. They have no theater to appeal to at home, and unless, like Messrs. Balfe and Wallace, they can afford to go abroad and travel about as wanderers, their chance of obtaining a hearing is poor one. Under the circumstances, it is surprising their energies are not directed to the desire to be extenuated. That this is not the case Mr. Smart's *Berta* (although, we believe, the greater part of it was written ten years ago, which may account for its 'model libretto') is a proof. Many others would probably come of later come to light if a lyrical theater were at hand, even like the Lyceum of old—the nearest approach to a national opera we have been able to boast—where the *Montezuma*, *Syph* and other works were produced. But this is a forlorn hope; and unless our musicians will make up their minds to act together and exert themselves, they must be satisfied to remain in obscurity. Government will do nothing; it is wholly to expect otherwise. This country is not like France, where the public are so ready to be consoled by the significant truth that the only way to save the energy of classes directed to special points, opens the only road to success. In this quality of energy it would seem, musicians, or at least English musicians, are deficient. They grumble at the favor shown to foreigners, instead of combining to protect, and only score the significant truth that the only way to save the public to their cause is to amuse the public. If a man will do nothing to help himself he must expect the world to help him. The world is indifferent and cares neither for him nor his cause, looking, in leisure hours, when the cause of his success is over, for some amusement, and ready to money to try for the best that is to be had. Where Italian Opera is best the public will go to the Italian Opera; where English Opera is best it will go to English Opera; and where the two are equal in attraction its favors will be indiscriminately bestowed. Musicians who complain that the public are not consoled by the significant truth that the only way to save the cause of a painting, once finished, has but to be hung to be seen and appreciated, while the score of a musical work is nothing more than paper and ink to the man until it finds 'interpreters'—that is, execrators. Let the music be ever so good, and the words 'conserve' to the world the significant truth that the only way to save the composer a genius of the first water to no purpose. We have been led into these observations simply by the excellence of the new opera of Mr. Smart, which offers claims to admiration that cannot fail to be apparent to all who are capable of judging. But it is a composition of much too great pretensions for a theater like the Haymarket, where musical performance is epistolical and the means and appliances are inadequate. Mr. Smart should have known this beforehand, and have written something on a less ambitious scale. As it is, while his ballads are applauded and encored he must look forward to some other medium for initiating the general public into the higher realm of musical supplies, which are of a stamp to place him among the best operatic composers of the day.

"The performance, allowing for the inevitable deficiencies to which we have alluded, offered much to be praised without qualification. Mr. Smart himself presided in the orchestra, and was received with the loudest applause. His performance was so perfect, and musicians, who had been long aware of his abilities as a composer, though they had enjoyed no previous chance of testing them in a public theater. Every one seemed in the humor to be pleased, and the opera went off with the greatest *clat* from first to last. Mr. Smart's singing was very satisfactory, from seven or eight, sang his very best in the part of the King, and two of the ballads—'In vain I would forget thee' and 'Sad was the hour'—both graceful and melodious, and bearing a slight family resemblance to each other, was rapturously encored.

At the conclusion of the opera Mr. Smart was unanimously applauded, and the audience, so greeted with enthusiastic plaudits from every part of the house. We have more to say of the music of *Berta* in detail than we can find room for at present, and shall return to the subject as to one well worthy of consideration."

FROM NEW-ORLEANS.

KINNEY EXPEDITION—BARK MAGNOLIA—PUBLIC HEALTH.

From Our Own Correspondent.

NEW-ORLEANS, Wednesday, June 13, 1855.

As I notice that your Northern papers all take great interest in the Kinney Expedition, I will give you a few facts about the organization here.

Old Gen. Grant, a Cuban filibuster of 1851, has had charge of the enlistment and organization of men in this city, and commenced the formation of companies some months ago. All persons enlisting were informed that the Expedition was a peaceful one and that it was not probable there would be any fighting; but as they might possibly meet with some opposition, every volunteer was required to furnish a revolver and gun, and to insure discipline and concert of action in the hour of danger they would be formed into companies under command of suitable officers. Every man enlisting was required to advance the price of passage from here to San Juan del Norte; and on their arrival there they were to have a lot of ground, and during the first year to be paid a monthly salary of \$30 and rations, and at the end of the year would be entitled to several hundred acres of land from the Company. Captains of companies were to receive \$100 a month. Many who enlisted had agreed to take their families down with them, and there was an evident desire to be sent to the States to obtain as many men of family as could be secured to join them. Gen. Grant was some time negotiating for a steamer, but after the failure of the Quimper Expedition the steamer St. Lawrence was placed at the disposal of Col. Kinney's friends. As to the number of men who had enlisted here there were various rumors, the highest estimate being eight hundred.

At the present time there is no indication that the men will ever leave, and the St. Lawrence is now on her way to New-York.

The bark Magnolia now in charge of the United States Officers had nothing to do with the Kinney Expedition. My letters published by you some time since mentioned the fact that the vessel was loaded with a large cargo of arms, ammunition and tents for the Quimper Expedition—and I have seen a complete list of all the articles shipped for that enterprise. When the amount of cargo on board the Magnolia is examined and the facts made public, it will be found that Quimper had the material for a very good show of opposition to a large Spanish force.

Two steamers have arrived here within the last three days from Vera Cruz and Havana, and have been permitted to come up to the city without participating in the battles of years, and have been performing quarantine, and it is not probable that the law will be enforced unless vessels have eachness on board. I am happy to state that we are now enjoying a very fair state of health, and these